

Aug. 1901
W. C. C. 187

MY GRANDMOTHER: AND HER FAMILY

A. M. REED

1929



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/mygrandmotherher00reed>

MY GRANDMOTHER - AND HER FAMILY

A. M. Reed

I cannot write about my grandmother, Ann McFarland Scott Thompson, without telling of other things, but she was the dominant figure of my childhood. She seemed to me larger and more important than other people; yet my father towered above her in height, and even my mother was almost a head taller than she.

I see now that grandmother was not very tall, and rather plump than thin. She had a smooth colorless complexion, black hair, fine and silky, but light in weight and not very long. She wore it parted in the middle, drawn down over her ears and fastened low in a knot at the back. Her eyes were really black, so black that I do not recall ever having distinguished the pupil. Her mouth had a rather humorous expression; and although I do not remember her ever being "funny", she was often gay and laughed easily. Her feet and hands were small and well formed, especially the former; for toward the end of her life and before she began to travel, household tasks had somewhat spoiled her hands. She wore a little cap of black lace and ribbon, or on festal occasions a white lace cap. These allowed the hair to be seen at sides and front, although as a young married woman she had worn a full white cap covering the entire head and tied under the chin. This I knew from the painting of her in a family group, and I used to ask:

"Why did you wear a cap when you had a baby on your lap?"

"I put on a cap like that the day I was married," she told me, "It was the fashion then for all married women to cover the head with caps tied under the chin."

We have in our old homestead now, in 1929, this painting of my

grandmother and her family, taken before 1845 when my grandfather Thompson was alive. Life size and full length they sit there, with their five children, together with my great aunt Eliza Forsythe and her daughter Margaret, sister and niece of my grandmother - nine people, a dog and a piano fill the largest canvas I have ever seen outside of a museum. It is a pity the artist had not been more worthy of his subjects. They are wooden enough, and the twinkle in my grandfather's eye seems to laugh at the portrait; although I can recognize the likeness to my grandmother and "Aunty Forsythe", who with her daughter made part of the family after her early widowhood.

The portrait painter lived for six months in their house while he exacted sittings from each one and clothed them in costume and color that suited his fancy. Were the sky blue coat and brass buttons of my uncle Austin authentic? Grandmother never objected to them and it may well have been the proper costume for a boy of fourteen; but,

"Ann Eliza did not wear red as she does in the picture!" my grandmother often declared. "Her gown was lavender, with full skirts; but that man would paint her in red at the piano, and he narrowed her skirts to show the needle point roses on the piano stool."

Aunt Lu, a child of six, three years younger than my mother, holds a rose in one hand, while the other catching up her white gown, shows her full pantalets and black slippers. Her dance step has lasted now almost a hundred years!

Uncle Byron sits on the floor with a bitten apple in his hand, toward which a dog is eagerly leaping. I remember wondering why the dog leaped for an apple, and wishing that little Byron had held a bit of meat or a dog biscuit.

The baby who sits sturdily in his mother's lap is William, killed afterward at nineteen in the battle of Lexington, Kentucky.

This picture used to stand in the living room of grandmother's house in, I think, Berry Street, at the extreme eastern part of Fort Wayne, Indiana. It filled the south wall except for a door at one side, leading into what had been library and den in my grandfather's time; in the days I remember, this had become grandmother's bedroom. Here was her great bed of mahogany, with carved and twisted posts holding up tester and curtains. Below was a valance, and under this or set up alongside was a little step ladder, on which one mounted to the high feather beds upheld on ropes bound to the lower frame of the bed.

The house faced north and a wide hall with stairway ran through the middle. It was lighted by a semi-circular fan light over the front door, and at the back another door opened on a two story piazza. Parlors with folding doors between completed this lower floor, and open fires were used in winter.

Built of dark red brick, with a chimney at each end, the house was wider than deep, and the roof with gabled windows was pitched front and back. In front were three stories and a basement; at the back four stories; for the ground sloped down from the street so as to bring the basement level with the garden.

Under the two parlors was one long dining-room with short windows in front and long ones at the back. Glass doored closets with shelves for china and pewter ran down one side of the room, and underneath were drawers for table linen and silver. On the other side between two entrance doors, was a sideboard on which were silver and cut glass decanters. A long table ran down the center, and here, in my grandfather's time, twenty people had often sat down to dinner.

My grandfather, although the son of a Methodist minister, never joined any church, but he thought all forms of religion were good and he enjoyed having the clergy of different creeds sit down together in amity at his table.

I was about six years old at the time when I remember this house, and grandmother then used the old living room as dining-room while a dumb-waiter brought up the food from the basement below. It was then one of my pleasures to slip down into the old dining-room and admire the huge side-board, or to peep into the empty drawers and imagine the shelves filled with the china and pink lustre now in other parts of the house.

Grandfather owned this house and also much farm or woodland to the worth of Fort Wayne. When he died suddenly at forty-two, without a will, the house came to my grandmother; but the land was left undivided until the children should come of age.

Lewis Garrett Thompson was born near Harrodsburg, Kentucky, on May 3, 1803; he was graduated from medical college, presumably in Cincinnati, Ohio, as it was near there that William Justus Thompson, his father, resided at the time of grandfather's young manhood. Soon after taking his degree, Lewis settle in Fort Wayne, Indiana; and it was there, on November 15, 1829, that he married Ann McFarland Scott, only two years his junior.

They had seven children: Austin Morris, born 1830, died 1877; Lewis Byron, and Moses Scott, who died early; Annie E., or Ann Eliza, named for her mother and aunt, born August 3, 1835, died February -- 1911; Margaret Lucretia, 1838-1894; Byron Scott, 1840-1923; William Lewis Garret, 1843-1862.

It seems odd that two sons were named for Lord Byron, although he died in 1824 before this couple were married. I fancy grandmother read little poetry; for when I knew her, a solemn prose volume called "A Prince of the House of David" was her favorite reading.

After a married life of not quite sixteen years, my grandmother lived forty-five years a widowed life dedicated to the memory of a husband she had idolized, and whom she idealized. In her eyes his careless prodigality became generosity; his fiery temper, seldom aroused it is true and never against her,

became something he would have controlled but could not; his Indian-like remembrance of a wrong became righteous inflexibility; his carelessness in not providing for them by will became joyous forgetfulness of death. Everywhere and always she saw him gracious, tolerant, a genial host, a loving father, a wise physician who assuaged pain by his mere presence, a patriotic legislator whose influence was beneficent. She told the story of his quarrel with General Tipton and of his refusal to let her continue being friends with Mrs. Tipton; but this was so contrary to her view of him that she could only say, "I never could understand it, but I know he thought that he was right!"

Of his relation to herself she never spoke; it was too sacred. He was better educated than she, and she revered his wisdom; he was a tower of strength for her and for her relatives, and she thanked him in her heart as if he had been God. Yet she had a simple religious faith of her own, and she never rebelled against the Divine Providence which had taken her husband and left her to combat the world for her children. She took up the burden laid upon her and addressed herself to the task of educating her children, marrying her daughters - the only way she knew of providing for them - and assuring her sons of a livelihood.

If I have seemed critical of my grandfather, I still think him, as I did in my childhood, the most charming and admirable personality I have ever known. I say known because I feel that I knew him, and the faults of which I have spoken are as nothing to his good qualities. He was lovable, light-hearted, kind, gay, a friend who would help in sickness and trouble. He was honest, honorable, humorous, successful and ready to share his success with all and sundry. He radiated love and cheer; he made life worth living. He was never censorious or satirical. He lived and let live. You could be comfortable in his presence and sure of his affection during his absence. In short, he was a man to be adored.

My greatest pleasure used to be listening to grandmother's stories of him and of her childhood; and she told them to me over and over when I asked her for a repetition of favorites.

One of her earliest recollections was of the time when her mother realized that she and the other children should be taught to read, and that there were no books suitable, and no means of getting them. The family were in the wilderness near a settlement where books of any kind were few and too precious to be trusted in the hands of children. Nothing came to them from the outside world. Unbroken forest and great rivers lay between them and civilization. The men went about with guns, even when they tilled the fields or caught fish to eke out their scanty crops; while the women indoors, carded the wool cut from their few sheep and spun it into thread, which they wove into cloth and made into garments for men, women and children, not to speak of the cooking and washing and scrubbing that must be done.

In the midst of these cares, Ann's mother, Margaret Scott, pondered on how she could teach her children to read.

The open country near them was overgrown with weeds, and among them she found ripening the deep crimson or purple fruit of the poke-berries. These she gathered and crushed day after day, and straining the juice she finally made a red-black ink. Then cutting leaves for a book from precious bits of white linen or from unbleached cotton cloth, she sewed them together and with a sharpened bit of wood she printed letters and simple words on the pages. Here and there she made rude drawings of the objects named, and later added sentences the children could understand. They all stood round her as she made the book, learning each letter and word as she set them down, till at last they could read and were advanced to the Bible, chief of the few books which the Scotts had carried with them into the wilderness.

Margaret Scott had not changed her name when she married Moses Scott; for they were distantly related and each was a Scott born in Philadelphia, Moses in 1770, and Margaret in 1778. After their marriage in 1796, they removed to York, Pennsylvania, and it was there, on September 23, 1805, that my grandmother was born. Her mother named her Ann McFarland after a girlhood friend of her own; while William, James, Elizabeth and Robert were older, and Moses, Samuel, Joseph and Maria were younger than she.

Sometime during Ann's early childhood the family moved to the wilds of northern Indiana; and it was here that her earliest recollections began. At first the scanty clearing around their new home was barren; but as the children grew older their mother found time for a garden, and among hollyhocks and princes' feathers grew plants which bore in summer red cherry-like fruit called love-apples. These were admired for their bright color, but the children were forbidden to eat them and even warned not to touch them, as love-apples were supposed to be deadly poison.

One day a friend from a distance came to visit the household. Ann and her brothers were showing him the treasures of their garden, when stooping he gathered some of the ripe hanging love-apples and began to eat them.

"Oh! Mother," Ann cried, "Our father's friend will die of the poison!" But he explained that they were good for food.

"Some people" he said "call them tomatoes, and by cultivation they will grow larger and can be used as a vegetable."

In this way a new dish was added to their scant variety, and the children never forgot the kind friend who had taught that love-apples could be eaten.

"Mad Anthony Wayne" was at that time a great hero, and the place where the Scotts lived was called Fort Wayne, because in the midst of

scattered houses was a larger "block house" named for him with a stockade around it. This fort was to serve as a refuge in case of trouble with the Indians.

While my grandmother was a small child this happened. The tribes near Fort Wayne went on the war path and Indian braves in paint and war feathers began to creep up even by daylight and kill those who straggled out of musket range. The house door must be kept barred by day as well as by night; and it was always night inside because windows were boarded up and one could see out of doors only through holes made for the thrust of a gun.

As summer came on this grew intolerable, while Indians began to come nearer, dancing about the house brandishing their tomahawks and giving blood-curdling yells until they were driven off by the mother who fired a musket through the peep-holes first on one side of the house and then on another. It became torture to wait for the husband and father out working or hunting with the other men. He might never come home and not seldom one or another was found lying scalped and dying in the woods near by. At last it was decided to move into the fort. Women and children were bestowed in the block house; men sallied outside the stockade in parties, setting sentries to guard while they hoed the corn or shot game in the woods. When nightfall came they brought in water; for there was no well in the fort. Sometimes, during the day a woman would venture out with pail and musket to the spring within sight of the fort while other women watched from the stockade ready to call "Run!" if they saw a red man creeping toward her.

By evil chance the gate was left unfastened after one of these adventures and a little girl slipped out unseen and ran toward the woods. In a moment the Indians had pounced upon her and she was left scalped and dying in full view of the terrified women. Brought in by the men who came running to save her, the dead child was laid on a table while the elders set about preparations for her burial.

The child had been a playmate of my grandmother's and she, a child too, crept into the living room alone to look at her friend, covered all but the face with a sheet and with a napkin laid over the head which had been scalped. As Ann entered the room, a cat leaped down from the table and she saw with horror that the cat, perhaps mad with hunger, had scratched and bitten the face of the dead. Her cries brought help, but Ann never forgot this time of dread and she never felt safe from the Indians even after they were defeated by General Harrison in the battle of Tippecanoe.

After the settlers had moved back to their deserted homes, they began clearing the forests more widely and pasturing herds of cattle which later were driven by men on horseback to the eastern markets.

William, Ann's oldest brother, was quiet and home-loving; but James, the second son, was more adventurous and longed to go upon one of these expeditions. He was a sturdy boy and level-headed for his years; so when he came to be sixteen, or perhaps a little older, his father gave him a horse and saddle, allowing him to go with trustworthy men on a trip to Philadelphia. The party started out gaily, driving the cattle before them and all reached Philadelphia in safety after days or perhaps weeks on the way. On their arrival the boy, who had money sufficient for his needs, went to a reputable inn where he was to wait until the cattle had been sold and then return home with the drivers. They saw him occasionally, but when the day came for their departure and they went to apprise him of it, he was nowhere to be found. They waited and searched but could learn nothing except that he had left the inn and had not returned. Whether he had met with foul play or had wandered off and become lost, or whether he had deliberately left them, none knew; but search as they might the men could find no trace of him and they returned with this sad news to his home. The father journeyed to Philadelphia and hunted in vain for his boy. James never was heard from again. As years went by his friends believed

him dead - all but his mother. She never lost hope that her son would return, and to the end of her life she set a light in the window at night with a prayer that it might welcome her boy. In vain, to this day his disappearance remains a mystery.

This bitter loss turned the Scotts more ardently toward religion; and Ann, who had been brought up in the Presbyterian faith, now wished to become a member of that denomination. As a child she had accepted the belief of her parents without really understanding the doctrines of foreordination and eternal damnation which the people around her regarded as a matter of course. When these dogmas became clear to her she revolted, especially at the idea of eternal damnation for sin, which in that day was staunchly upheld and insisted upon. It shows the strength of Ann's character as a very young girl, that she expressed her desire to enter the church but declared inflexibly that she could not say she believed in hell-fire or an eternity of punishment. She was therefore refused admission to the Presbyterian fold; and it was long afterward, perhaps some years after her marriage, that the Episcopal Church opened its doors in Fort Wayne and my grandmother became a member of the creed which even in her day did not require the laity to believe in hell as everlasting torment.

Eliza, Ann's older sister, did not look very deeply into religious doctrines and while she accepted the Presbyterian beliefs without serious question, she enjoyed horseback riding, merriment and even dancing - this last frowned on by the members of her creed. Eliza became popular and Ann too was invited to dances and 'routs'; these being often at a distance from their home, the excitement of preparation was prolonged. Two complete outfits were necessary, a riding habit in which they might sit on a pillion behind their escort, and a ball dress with slippers to match in which to array themselves on arrival. Then too, the saddlebags must contain

essentials for the toilette and requirements for a stay which might last for weeks.

During that first quarter of the nineteenth century, and indeed after the middle of the Victorian era, a wasp like waist was the first and most important requirement for beauty. In grandmother's day a fine upright carriage had been early acquired by hours spent fastened to a "blackboard" and by walking to and fro with heavy books balanced on the head; and later the corset was introduced. This had no opening except that fastened by lacing at the back, while in front was a heavy busk of steel. The corset strings were loosened, and with arms upraised each girl slipped into this straight jacket made for bodily torture of a kind then warranted to enhance her charms. "Pride feels no pain" was a favorite maxim; and the stout corset-laces were tightened by willing hands or were thrown over a low bed post while the victim-martyr strained backward until the waist was sufficiently reduced in girth. This was repeated at intervals for whole days before an entertainment, and the night before was spent often without sleep, but always if possible in the corset, which might thus be drawn a few inches tighter in the morning. Imagine the test of human endurance which followed in the long ride on horse-back over rough roads or through mere bridle paths in the woods, and picture the smiles when brocaded petticoat and pointed bodice displayed the hour-glass figure of fashion!

At one of these balls Eliza met young Captain *(See Addenda last p.) ForSythe, an English officer then on leave from his station near Detroit, and soon after they were married. One daughter, Margaret, was born to them; and while she was a child, Captain, or was it by then Colonel ForSythe? died. Whether he was killed in action or being wounded died in his bed I never knew; but as a widow "Aunty ForSythe" and her child returned to Fort Wayne and

made their home with my grandmother.

In 1824, before this happened, the Marquis of Lafayette made a visit to America. Ann was then in her nineteenth year, and I have heard her say many times that she saw Lafayette, then a man of sixty-seven and no longer the dashing soldier of Revolutionary days. I never asked and she never told me where she then was. Did Lafayette come to Fort Wayne? That would have been strange! Or was Ann visiting in Philadelphia? I cannot say, but certain I am that Lafayette was one of my grandmother's heroes and that she cherished the memory of having seen or perhaps even of having spoken with him.

How and where she met Dr. Lewis Thompson I never heard, but when Ann was twenty-four and he two years older they were married; and it was soon after that my grandfather was sent to the Legislature in Indianapolis, at that time considered a great honor, especially for so young a man.

Here at the state capital General Tipton, an old and valued friend of the Scotts, held a political post of some importance. He had attained prominence under General Harrison during the Indian wars in 1811 and later, and now in 1829 was a politician. His wife, much younger than he, was my grandmother's most intimate friend; and the two women looked forward to a happy winter in each other's company. General Tipton welcomed Lewis Thompson as a personal friend because of past intimacy with the Scotts and for some months the Thompson and Tipton families were inseparable. Grandfather's genial temper and youthful enthusiasm won many friends, but chief among them were the Tiptons.

It happened one day that my grandfather found himself in some slight difficulty, or perhaps he needed the older man's influence for political reasons. However, this may be, he decided to appeal to General Tipton for some reason; although it irked his proud spirit to ask a favor of any one. He might have gone to the Tipton home as a friend and have preferred his request informally; but he chose to treat with the General on a business footing and so went to his

office. Here he was ushered into a waiting room filled with hangers on and constituents of General Tipton, all openly wanting something. Having sent in his name, grandfather sat there feeling humiliated as he awaited his turn with the others.

Time seemed long; for the General, instead of sending for him in turn, as he had done with the rest, waited until they had gone and then coming out of the inner office he advanced toward his friend with outstretched hand.

"Well, Lewis," he cried, "at last I can have a talk with you! I'm sorry to have kept you waiting; but I had to listen first to these poor devils. all of them wanting something!"

"I'm neither poor nor a devil nor do I want anything!" said my grandfather; and disregarding the friendly hand, he turned on his heel and left General Tipton staring after him in amazement.

This my grandmother heard from Mrs. Tipton who came almost immediately to exclaim over the unfortunate misunderstanding and to beg that Lewis would not take offense at her husband who had meant only friendship by his greeting and had never thought of classing Lewis with the others. It would seem that the younger man might now have been the one to make an apology, but he would not even accept one; and he never spoke to General Tipton again. The two families drifted apart much to my grandmother's sorrow; for although grandfather did not forbid his wife to see Mrs. Tipton, she knew he objected and she went no more to the Tipton household.

This was the only occasion when grandmother felt that her husband might be in the wrong; and even then she believed that there had been something more which was never told her, which had so wounded his pride that he could not forgive. The last days of their stay in Indianapolis were thus clouded, and perhaps both were glad to return to Fort Wayne where grandfather

again took up the practice of medicine, which grew until it extended over all the neighboring towns.

My great-grandfather, William Justus Thompson, was born in 1767 in Harford County, Maryland; and he early married Lucretia Webster, by whom he had nine sons and three daughters. Of these children, Lewis was the eighth, and his favorite brother seems to have been Solomon Sale, the youngest, named as were nearly all of the sons for a Methodist clergyman whom their father admired. William Justus was himself ordained in the Methodist church soon after Francis Asbury had been ordained as the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Under Asbury he preached in Maryland until he was sent to Kentucky. Later he retired to Claremont County, Ohio, not far from Cincinnati, and there he built himself a church which he supported and in which he preached to the end of his life. Always strong, vigorous and witty, he lived to be almost a hundred years old.

His youngest son, "uncle Sale", as I always heard him called, died the year before I was born; but he seemed a live person to me from grandmother's description of his tall lithe figure and flashing eyes. He visited the Thompsons often in Fort Wayne and all admired his gallant carriage and listened with pleasure to his boyish jokes.

In those days there was always wine or brandy in decanters on the sideboard, or served at table when men came to dine; but grandfather cared little for it and rarely finished his glass. Sale was the only one of the family who had a craving for drink - worse still, it took only a drop of liquor or even the odor of brandy to make him lose his head. He was seized at intervals by an insane desire to drink, and once begun he continued like a mad man. When Sale came to visit them my grandmother put all wines and brandy under lock and key. Even the cook was deprived of the sherry for sauces. Uncle Sale tried

to avoid drinking parties, but too often politeness compelled him to taste a few drops; or the mere odor of wine at a friend's table might send him off on a wild debauch, to be seen no more until days afterward he appeared, pale and weak as if recovering from a long illness. His brother treated this craving like the disease that it was, and never ceased to rouse and encourage him; but over and over he succumbed until at the age of thirty-seven he died with health undermined and brilliancy gone.

Many were the guests who came and went in my grandmother's household, and among these were Hugh McCulloch and his wife. He became in later years an influential banker in Fort Wayne, and under President Lincoln, he was made Comptroller of the Treasury in Washington. Twice he was Secretary of the Treasury, under Johnson, and again during Arthur's short administration; but when he and his wife spent a year as guests of the Thompsons they were a modest young couple whom my grandfather wished to help because they were financially embarrassed. I remember hearing of this because my grandmother had recalled herself to Mr. McCulloch during the time of his prominence in Washington. She thought he might interest himself in one of her sons; and his failure to respond made her feel him unappreciative or forgetful of what had been done for him in time of need.

When we compare the means of transportation today with those of a hundred years ago and even later, we can hardly fail to note the importance of the horse in those early days. Not only were motor cars unknown, but good roads were a thing unheard of. Canals as a means of transportation were in their beginning and had not reached Fort Wayne. Railroads there were none. Two rivers, the Saint Mary and the Saint Joseph, have their junction at Fort Wayne and form the Maumee River; but no one of these streams was navigable. Unless at the time of spring freshets they were too shallow even for row

boats or canoes. Heavy loads might be transported by oxen; but if one were to travel it was on horseback if luxurious, otherwise on foot. As for roads - often there was a mere bridlepath through the woods or by way of swamps almost impassable with here and there a river to ford.

Even in my own recollection a "plank road" was the acme of modern improvement for the Main Street of Fort Wayne, while lesser streets were "dirt roads" like those in the country, except where in swampy land a corduroy road was laid. "A corduroy" meant tree trunks laid close together across the path so that one's teeth rattled while bumping from log to log, as I remember doing in a "buggy", or high one-seated carriage, with my father when he drove me to Decatur or some other out-lying village near Fort Wayne. I remember being left at a country tavern while father went on his errand or perhaps stopping at a farm house on the way, and never without someone's saying, "Is this little girl Dr. Thompson's grandchild? Let me shake hands with her for his sake!" Or, "Here is a red apple for her. He was the best man that ever lived and the kindest. He had only to come into the room and the sick person got well".

At the time when grandfather was alive, even corduroy roads had not been laid down and forests were almost impenetrable; yet night or day he went wherever called, and most often to people who could afford to pay nothing. For these visits he kept several riding horses, but it was on a favorite white horse that he went oftenest into the country; for this horse would travel safely while he slept with loosened rein. Mother often recalled that on his return, the horse was sometimes sent on alone to warn my grandmother that her husband was following with a number of friends who would be with him to dine or spend the night; but what I remember hearing was of a time when the great horse came home riderless at nightfall and did not stop at the gateway in front as usual but ran to a side gate which led to the stable and there neighed until he attracted attention. The man who came to unsaddle him found the horse strangely

uneasy and restless. He turned about pawing the ground and seemed anxious to be on the road again. Watching his strange behavior, my grandmother told the man to mount, give rein to the horse and see where he would go. Sure enough the horse started off at a gallop and on a lonely road some miles from home they found the doctor who had fallen from his horse in sleep and had struck his head in falling. The horse had left him unconscious and had never rested 'till he brought help.

Grandfather soon recovered from this fall; but in August, 1845, when he was forty-two years old, he was called to a case at a country town where he was obliged to remain for days at a miserable hotel or tavern. Here he was seized with a violent cold and fever. No other physician was near and trained nurses were not in existence. He grew worse, and as he realized that pneumonia had set in, he managed to send for his wife. As fast as horse could carry her, she came; and it was to find him alone, comfortless and barely able to speak. He wanted nothing but that she should sit by his bedside while he told her that he must die and she must listen while in broken words he explained his business affairs and what must be done to safeguard their children's interest. With barely time to breathe a last farewell he died, leaving his wife stunned by her great loss. I cannot give the pathos of that life cut short in its prime and of my grandmother's overwhelming grief. She felt that life was over, yet she must take it up again for her children.

In her married life of fifteen years grandmother had been troubled at times; she had seven children, two of whom she had lost by death, she had a large house to keep and many visitors, her servants were often inefficient, her ideas of economy and responsibility were stricter than her husband's. Yet Ann McFarland loved her husband wholly and admired his character almost to idolatry. He was open handed to prodigality, hospitable to a fault, optimistic about the future. She had always had his strong arm to lean upon, his gaiety to

enliven her. Now she must rouse herself to the task he had laid upon her, and she took up the double role of father and mother to her young family.

Eliza, her sister, had long been a widow; Ann now joined that sisterhood. In those days and long after when I knew them both, it seemed a very solemn thing to be a widow. Such indeed was the general attitude of the community in which they lived; and I can recall a number of widows who in my childhood were melancholy figures, black garbed always, and in the street, where they rarely appeared, shrouded in long crepe veils. For them "life was over." To have been married and to have borne children meant for them to have performed the whole duty of women. So these two sisters, both young women when their husbands died, wore mourning each one to the day of her death; each spoke little, or softly and with bated breath of her lost husband and of her years of happiness with him - for happiness it had always been, and life without him was a sadness to be borne, not talked about. Neither one ever thought of a second marriage or contemplated anything but "waiting for death," and in the meantime looking after the welfare of her children.

Yet despite these ideas, and in spite of the fact that on the street my grandmother wore the black bonnet and long black veil of a widow - in her home she was cheerful and lively in my childhood days. She smiled easily, laughed often and never failed to make house and table well cared for and homelike for her boys and for the married daughters who came with their children to visit.

The first break in her family was when Margaret, her niece, married Edward Colerick and "Auntie ForSythe" went to live with them. The next was when Austin, the eldest son, went to San Francisco while he was still under twenty, to visit his uncle Joseph Scott.

"Uncle Joe" was the youngest of grandmother's six brothers, and in 1843 or '49 during the "Gold rush" he had gone across the plains to California.

He may have had the gold fever, but he must have recovered from it without amassing a fortune. When he visited grandmother in my recollection he was a spare man of more than middle age, and what I especially noticed was that his right thumb was gone. It was rounded off just above the hand as if it never had been there; and when I asked him, childlike, "Why have you no thumb on that hand, Uncle Joe?" he answered smiling, "Once when I was out on the range, I was trying to lasso a wild horse. I had wrapped the lariat around the thumb of my right hand and was holding the reins with my left, when the horse I had caught gave a sudden leap and took lasso and thumb with him."

I had never seen a range or a wild horse, and I listened with open ears while Uncle Joe talked of his ranch in the San Joaquin Valley or of the early days when strips of "jerked beef" were sold by the yard for food in the streets of San Francisco. Specimens of gold bearing quartz or of silver ore gave hints of his mining adventures, but peach and apricot orchards seemed to fill more of his thoughts.

It was to his Uncle Joe's ranch that Austin first went, but he settled in San Francisco and there early married an undisciplined girl named Lottie Hester. She was still but a petulant child herself when with their son, Lewis, a boy of five or six years, they came on a visit to Fort Wayne.

Uncle Austin had gone to California across the plains, but he returned by way of the Isthmus where a railway had been recently opened. It was said that for every tie laid on this railroad of forty-five miles "the world had lost a man"; for the low swampy, mosquito-infested region breed malaria and yellow fever. But the workmen had been Chinamen, then newly imported in gangs; so the western world thought little enough of their loss. New steamship lines began plying between San Francisco and Panama; and between Colon, then named Aspinwall in the States, and New York.

Uncle Austin and his family had been among the first to come over this new route; and on the way, poor little Lewis had fallen on shipboard and injured his spine so that in New York a brace must be fitted to hold up his head and straighten his shoulders. It was pitiful to watch the pale, sickly child whose father was tender, but whose mother seemed to think he might get well and be like other boys if he would only exert himself. He always tried to stand up straighter when she was looking at him; for he longed to please the pretty mother who might shake her brown curly hair in play, or stamp her foot and comb it angrily because of the tangles. In good humor she would snatch the boy in her arms with a violence that must have hurt him; or in a pet she would cry out that she could not bear to have a child who was hump-backed. Lewis escaped a world of unhappiness when he died, soon after the return to San Francisco, and Harry his brother, came to take his place.

Harry was hardly more than a baby when Aunt Lottie, who had been a most indifferent churchwoman, became an ardent convert to Romanism. Because her marriage had been in a Protestant church, she declared that she was living in sin and must be remarried by a Roman Catholic priest. This Uncle Austin refused on account of his son, and the disagreement led to divorce. Lottie married again and it was not long after that Uncle Austin married Mary Morris.

When I was in San Francisco in 1880 I saw Harry Thompson; but I never met Aunt Mary or her son Morris.

In the summer of 1869, just before my brother, Hugh Bertram Reed, was born, Uncle Austin visited us at "Reedmont", a place not far from Somerville, New Jersey. I remember him then as a slight, dark-haired man, with a pleasant smile under his dark moustache. He brought me a set of amber beads and a pin, which I hated to receive because I was too bashful to thank him

as my mother said I must. I never saw him again, and in 1877 we heard of his death in California.

It was perhaps because my grandmother had found difficulty in choosing her own religious creed, and certainly because my grandfather advocated allowing them to choose theirs, that the children were not christened in their infancy. When mother and Aunt Lu had barely entered their teens, they elected to become members of the Episcopal Church; and mother, who had always hated the name Ann Eliza, chose to be called Annie in baptism. To this, grandmother objected seriously: First, it would hurt the feelings of the aunt for whom she had been named Eliza; second, it might cause difficulty in legal matters connected with inheritance from her father. Mother reluctantly agreed to have the old name retained in law; and it was, I think, made Ann Eliza in the church records, but she always wrote her name Annie E. and she called me Annie Martha for my two grandmothers. I must confess I have never regretted having escaped Martha Ann!

Grandmother's children were all educated to the best of her ability. She herself taught the girls to sew and to read, and she often boasted to me of Ann Eliza's precocity. I can well remember how I hated the sight of a full sized bed quilt made of alternate white and colored squares which mother had sewed together before she was five years old. It was displayed in order to shame me into learning how to sew after I was eight years old, and when grandmother had discovered in shocked surprise that I did not know how to hold a needle. I suppose mother had learned so early that she fancied all girls sewed by instinct. Before she was five years old, too, mother had read so much in secret that she injured her eyes, and her ears were pierced as a counter-irritant!

Later there was a tutor for the boys and masters came to the house for all the children, and mother developed a taste for music which she

enjoyed to the end of her life.

Grandfather was interested in the founding of a college in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and endowed one or more scholarships there. After his death, Uncle Austin was sent to the college in Crawfordsville and Uncle Byron spent a year or more in the same institution.

Mother and Aunt Lu went to a Methodist "Seminary of Girls" at the eastern end of Fort Wayne. It was still there in my day and stood upon the only hill I ever saw in Indiana. By some this hill was supposed to be an Indian mound, for it rose abruptly out of a sandy plain.

The course of study in this Seminary must have been advanced for that day and the teachers excellent to judge by mother's acquirements at the age of fifteen, when she left school because of her engagement to my father. Grandmother then decided that Ann Eliza must spend a year at home learning to keep house. When she and my father wished to be married at once, grandmother said, "Ann Eliza knows nothing outside of books except to sew and play the piano. She must learn to manage servants and understand what to expect of them, she must be able to order a meal and keep her accounts before she undertakes a house of her own."

While still a school-girl, mother had gone occasionally to an evening party at the home of her friend, Desdemona Edsall, whom she called Des. The Edsall family were fond of society and the two schoolmates were allowed to come as spectators to their evening entertainments. On one occasion they sat together repeating in turn stanza after stanza of a poem they had learned in school and their gleeful laughter caused one after another of the guests to approach and question the cause of their amusement. Mysterious answers attracted partners who begged for a dance. It was perhaps on one of these evenings that mother, then hardly more than fourteen, but mature for her age, met the man of thirty-three who later became her husband.

During the year of tutelage which followed her engagement, and in the early years of her married life, filled as they were with babies and household cares, she might easily have forgotten all that she had learned of books and music; but she never forgot to keep up her practice on the piano - her dearly loved companion - and she taught me and my brother at regular hours every morning instead of sending us to school. From her I learned not only "the three R's", but geography, history, literature, algebra, geometry and even some Latin. When I passed my entrance examinations for Vassar, then a tremendous undertaking, I had never been inside of a school except for two years of English, French and Latin. In other subjects I had been entirely prepared at home.

Mother often told me of how as a school girl herself she had awakened early to study her lessons before breakfast; yet she had never been urged to excel. Grandmother's ideal of life for a girl was that she should be married early to a good man who would protect and care for her and her children; she was satisfied with Ann Eliza's marriage to a man almost twenty years her senior, believing that he would guide and protect his young wife as her own father might have done. But when her younger daughter, Lucretia, at the age of seventeen became engaged to Alexander Hanna, only four or five years older than she, grandmother was greatly distressed. She and my grandfather had known the Hannas well in Indianapolis during Jackson's administration, and she had often heard of young Alex before he had come to Fort Wayne.

Judge Hanna, his father, was a man prominent in (**Addenda) state politics and a lawyer of repute, but a heavy drinker. A strong, dark man with bushy hair, smooth shaven face and a resonant voice, he was always under the influence of liquor yet never showed it unless by increased brilliancy of wit and charm of manner.

He had married a wife of gentle birth and refined taste, but of delicate health. As her children grew older and she saw them following in their father's footsteps she begged him to change his ways. Failing in this, she declared she would show him what it was to be married to a tippler, and she herself began drinking to excess. Her constitution undermined by lying for days in a drunken stupor, she became a miserable wreck before her death.

The sons inherited a fitful brilliancy from their father, a delicate constitution from their mother, from both a willful, erratic disposition and a tendency to drink. Such was Alexander Hanna, and him drink crazed and stupified by turns. This did not appear at the time of his marriage, but my grandmother feared and distrusted his inheritance.

Aunt Lu was headstrong and might have married secretly if opposed, so her mother gave unwilling consent and the wedding took place in the Berry Street house where my mother had been married. The newly married pair came to live in a house not far from where we lived, and when I was six or seven years old I remember Aunt Lu with a baby named Katie, and later Lucy, called Lutie, was born.

"Uncle Alec" sometimes had money, sometimes none. He, like his father, was a lawyer; but without stability. Whether he made or lost money, he was always in debt and often drunk.

The children had scarlet fever and Katie died. This was an agonizing blow to Aunt Lu; and when her brother Austin wrote offering to do something for Alec if they would come to San Francisco, she was glad to

leave the place where she had been so unhappy. The house was sold, debts paid and tickets taken by way of New York and by steamer to California.

On the voyage Alec drank oftener, and began to gamble as well. When his wife tried to reason with him he openly abused her and retaliated by charging her with smiling on other men. There had never been outbreaks of jealousy in the Thompson family, and Aunt Lu did not even understand. She was alarmed for her husband's sanity as well as bitterly mortified when his outbursts occurred before men who had been merely polite to her. Shamed and disgusted, she was inclined to accede, when Uncle Austin on their arrival in San Francisco, urged a separation; but Alec Hanna begged her to forgive and promised to do better. She agreed to stay with him, but he often left her for days without money or food and when he did return was drunk and quarrelsome. When alone with her child in that dismal house, she often looked out of the window at a passing funeral - and never, she told me years afterward, without wishing she might have been in the coffin. This at a time when she was only twenty-three, a beautiful girl with naturally buoyant disposition. What wonder that she listened to her brother's urging and went to keep house for him and his motherless boy?

Harry Thompson was about Lutie's age and the two children became fast friends. Aunt Lu had begun to revive in health and spirits, when one day as the two children were playing in front of the house, she saw a man suddenly stop, seize her three year old Lutie in his arms and run down the street. She knew this could be no other than her husband, who had begged her to return to him and now took means to compel

it. She ran wildly after him without waiting for a bonnet - in those days women wore bonnets - and as he was not really sober, she soon overtook and persuaded him to let her take the child. After this experience, Aunt Lu obtained a legal separation with the care of her daughter; but she lived in continual fear, and it was a relief to all her family when Alec Hanna died.

Some time afterward she married William Lewis, whom she and Uncle Austin had known for years in San Francisco; and they lived happily until business reverses came. Willie Lewis, the son of this marriage, was perhaps six or seven years old when his father began drinking to excess and his mother saw the drama of her early youth open before her a second time. She knew too well what the future might bring, and she forestalled it by divorce.

Meanwhile Uncle Austin had married and died, so Aunt Lu was faced with the necessity of providing for herself and her two children. She took a larger house in a pleasant location and rented furnished rooms. The years passed until Lutie was eighteen and Willie ten. Augustus Brackenfelt, a young man of about twenty-five, had long been a friend of the family; he called frequently and invited both mother and daughter to opera and play, or to drive out into the country. As Aunt Lu was almost forty, both mother and daughter fancied that he was attracted to Lutie, and it would have been a suitable marriage. He was already cashier in a well known bank in San Francisco, and was a student of microscopy of sufficient standing to be called as an expert in legal cases.

It soon became evident that Mr. Brackenfelt wished to marry the mother, not the daughter; and although Aunt Lu refused repeatedly, he persisted in fixed determination to win her consent, and despite a disparity of fifteen years, they were finally married. "Uncle Gus" was ready to adopt the two children, one little younger than himself. Lutie willingly accepted his support, but was an unpleasant member of the new household. By a sarcastic and critical attitude she made it plain that she had not forgiven the stepfather for preferring her mother to herself, and she allowed tradesmen to send him bills for purchases she had made without his knowledge or consent. This roused her mother's resentment, and she insisted that Lutie, now of age, should make her own living - a thing quite possible on account of her fine musical education. William, born Lewis, took his stepfather's name and was an affectionate member of the family until he married and went to live in Oregon.

In 1880-82 when I was teaching in Nevada, I often visited Aunt Lu and Uncle Gus. Never have I seen a more devoted husband, and Aunt Lu was at last happy in being loved and admired. After my father died in 1890, mother went to San Francisco, and the sisters long separated enjoyed a brief happiness in being together. It was soon to be clouded; for Aunt Lu was attacked by a mysterious disease which doctors finally diagnosed as an abscess on the spine impossible to remove without killing the patient. In their opinion it was only a question of time when it would end her life which could only be made bearable by the use of opiates.

Mr. Brackenfelt's profession of expert microscopist had now become more important than his work in the bank, and he ceased to accept research work, closed his connection with the scientific societies to which he belonged and devoted most of his time to his wife. During the infrequent hours when she was conscious, night or day, nurses were sent away and he sat by her bedside. When Aunt Lu was able to talk, he and she seemed to find much to discuss and arrange. My mother often wondered at the results of these conversations and at the calmness with which her brother-in-law acted. He and his wife made deeds of gift or sold at a nominal price all the property, real or personal, which had been acquired during years of prosperity, and all business matters were closed in every detail. My mother heard Gus say repeatedly that he would never survive his wife, that he could not live without "his Peggy", as he called her; but this was taken to mean that he would die of sorrow, and no one suspected that he intended suicide.

When Aunt Lu died, he arranged, as was afterward discovered, for a double funeral. He then asked to be left alone with his dead. A few minutes after he entered the room, a shot was heard. Mother and the servants entering, found him kneeling by his wife's bedside, shot through the head. His brother was sent for and attended to the last rites, but the tragedy haunted my mother for years. She kept a letter written by the distraught man in anticipation of the deed; and if it has not been destroyed, I will append it here.

Long before this happened, and soon after Aunt Lu's first marriage, grandmother decided that a country life would be good for her two growing boys. When Margaret ForSythe had married Ed Colerick, they bought a house with some land about it in the suburbs to the south of Fort Wayne. Not far beyond them was a farm of perhaps a hundred acres which was either part of grandfather's property, or which grandmother bought after selling the old home in town. At some distance from the road, she built a frame house of somewhat the same shape as the former home, but not so large. Near the entrance to the place stood a cluster of great oak trees, and through these a drive-way curved to the side of the house and beyond to a barn and numerous outbuildings. In the front ran a long flower bordered walk where roses and clove-pinks grew.

In an open sunny space between barn and stables, stood a dray, old and disused, a relic of some former owner. I wonder if any one today knows what is meant by a dray? It might perhaps be called the ancestor of a motor truck; for it was built to carry heavy loads. Two long, beam-like extensions at the back could be lowered to the ground, and were used for rolling up barrels or shoving boxes and bales to the open platform of a clumsy, two wheeled vehicle. Rude heavy shafts were furnished with iron chains, and the whole furnished a means of thrilling adventure for me and my two brothers. On each end - one on shaft, one on extension - sat or stood boy or girl of about equal weight; on the

platform of dray, the third ran back and forth, thus making a ponderous see-saw. As the dray rose from the extensions on which it usually rested, great chains rattled gloriously and shafts struck the ground with a thump, to rise again when the weight was changed and come bumping down on the tail pieces. The sudden shock often pitched one or all of us to the ground, but this thrill of danger made the game more enticing. Its only rival was the horrifying pleasure of leaping from high beams in the barn down on the hay beneath. Only once do I recall that our games were interfered with; and that was when we and the Colerick girls, Effie and Maggie, were found buried up to our necks in a bin full of the wheat destined for flour. Uncle Byron complained of this, and grandmother told us that neither muddy shoes nor grubby hands would be good for the bread to be made of that wheat.

From the town house had been transported the four-poster beds and mahogany "settees", the tables and chairs, the pink luster and cut glass. My favorite was a huge china pitcher with bands of purplish gilt, top and bottom, while between, on a white background, depicted a lady and child, clad in gay colors and playing a game of battledore and shuttlecock. I learned the intricacies of this game by eager questioning, and was not content until with my own battledore I could toss a feathery shuttlecock as did those enchanting figures.

In the living room of this house now stood the old family portrait; and I now began to notice a colored print of Alice Ben Bolt - which I took to be her full name - and a wierd picture of The Trinity.

Looked at from the front was an old man with majestic beard who was said to be God the Father. If one stood at one side, Christ appeared; from the other one could see a dove with outstretched wings. At first, awe restrained me from questions; but later I learned that within the deep frame were set outstanding glass slats, which left unobscured the picture of God, while on either side of the glass were paintings of Christ and the Holy Ghost. I wish that I knew what became of this triumph of art!

In this home my grandmother lived tranquilly with her two sons until the years brought rebellion and "the war between the States".

How well I remember as a child just past eight years old sitting on the nursery floor playing with my blocks, when I heard in another room my father reading the news.

"They have fired on the flag at Fort Sumter!" he said.

Startled, I dropped my toys and listened; "Fired on the flag", "Our flag", "Flag of the Union", phrases which echoed and re-echoed then and after, 'till it seemed the whole world was full of the sound.

"The Union must and shall be preserved!" Those words ran through the North and fired men to enlist "for three months or for the war", as Lincoln's first call for volunteers was worded; and "The war will be over in less than three months", thought those early recruits.

The regular army, small in time of peace, was still further depleted when the southern contingent became the backbone of Confederate forces. General Winfield Scott, of the Mexican wars, was still Commander-in-Chief and doubtless understood how the fight would be prolonged; but militia and raw volunteers rushed to arms without thought of the grim years to come.

At the western end of Fort Wayne a training camp was established and my father became the commander. Works on military tactics became his daily reading; orderlies called him away from meals snatched in haste. Men in uniform paraded the streets, or soldiers on horseback galloped by. One of these riders, a boy scarcely older than myself, I had seen in the ranks as a drummer-boy. I wished that I too might put on a uniform and go as a "Child of the Regiment". A play of that name was the first I had seen, and "Rat-a-plan, Rataplan" the Chorus had sung, made my heart beat to the tune of drum and fife.

There was no regimental band in that day and place; but I can still hear the bugle call, or the rattle of drums and the shrill fife playing "The girl I left behind me", as the boys marched away to the war. It was the 30th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, as I remember, who first went out from Fort Wayne, and the 44th took their place in the camp. With even fewer months drilling, the 44th Indiana went to the front; and my father went with them as Colonel, November 23, 1861.

Well do I remember the blue army blankets we - or rather my mother - marked for him in red, "44th Ind. vol."; his black horse and accouterments; the pistols in his holsters; the haversack at the back of his saddle; his sword in its scabbard, and the blue uniform. He was slender then and sat his horse like a centaur. It might throw up its head and champ the bit, or paw the earth and prance; but his hand on the rein never faltered, and it was a gallant figure that rode forth in what were still the early days of the war.

Uncle Byron, then almost of age, was keen to enlist; but his mother refused her consent, declaring that he was her only support. Indeed he was needed on the farm, men for hire being few or none; so Byron resigned himself to wait. Will, barely over eighteen, was still more determined to go. He came home from Crawfordsville where he had been in college, and declared his intention of joining a three months' enlistment. Finally a call came for short time troops to guard prisoners at a camp near Lexington, Kentucky. Will was offered a commission as Second Lieutenant and his mother, believing that this regiment would not be called into action, consented.

The three months passed almost to the last day and nothing disastrous had happened. My grandmother was looking forward to the return of her boy, when a sudden raid of the Confederates into Kentucky called the reserves into action. Those in Will's regiment might have refused, as their enlistment was ended on the following day; but they marched with the rest to the battle of Lexington.

As the Captain of Uncle Will's company had been promoted, the two Lieutenants went up in rank. Early in the engagement, which he entered as First Lieutenant, Will became Captain on the Field through the death of their leader, and a mere boy of less than nineteen he led the charge in which he was twice wounded. The first wound in the arm, he disregarded; the second in the neck, he had dressed. Then back at the front he was cheering his men when he fell pierced through the heart.

Those were no days of trench warfare or of crawling through barbed wire entanglements; men fought in the open, and many a brave soldier ran that day, but not he. That battle went against the North, and the field was strewn thick with dead and dying. At night before the final retreat, the Union dead were hastily buried, each wrapped in his blanket, - the mounds staked by companies on the field where they had fought. News of my uncle's death came back to Fort Wayne; but the battle had lasted two days and on the second his enlistment had been over. This led his mother to doubt the report. It could not be true, she thought; her baby, her Will must come back. He could not be dead!

The regiment came home, was disbanded, she heard one after another of the survivors tell how her son had been killed. Overwhelmed by her sorrow, she yet set her heart on recovering his body and giving it burial by the side of his father.

She now took up willingly the direction of the farm and sent Uncle Byron to search through the scarred field of battle and bring back to her what remained of her son. Well for her perhaps that she did;

for it may be her reason was saved by work and the added responsibility of raising funds for the journey. But for Byron, how ghastly his search! The horrors of war, not its glory, were his. Horse and man had trampled the battle ground. Mounds of burial were flattened. Marks of company or regiment were gone or defaced. He hired men to dig the ground over, and far into the night they peered into open graves with lanterns dimmed; for at any time there might be an enemy attack. Heaps of slain were unearthed, and time after time were alien faces disclosed. At last a blanket was unrolled which disclosed the face of his brother; and Byron came home bring^{ing} the first coffin I had ever seen. He had every proof that it contained the last remains of William Garrett Thompson, but no one was allowed to look upon the face now disfigured in death, and the casket remained closed before the painting of the old family group in the living room until it was laid in the beautiful Lindenwood cemetery where today rest his forebears and mine. Here his mother raised a shaft to his memory; and her thoughts turned to the welfare of her other son now worn and saddened beyond his years.

At this time of her life, as often before and after, grandmother had strange dreams, sometimes prophetic. A dream of the spot where her boy Will had been buried proved to have been true to the scene Byron later described. Now after his return, she had a warning dream of him.

Uncle Byron had turned away from farm life, at this date, and was engaged in some business in town. Close by the Colerick place, ran the tracks of the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. By taking a train at the station in Fort Wayne, Uncle Byron could jump off at a crossing and walk from there to the farm. Conductor and brakeman were friendly, and speed was slackened at the crossing for his leap. He said nothing of this to his mother, unless to make light of objections; but the danger dwelt in her mind. One day she related to the Colericks a vivid dream in which she had seen three or four men carrying another up the walk to their house. One man had his hand pressed tightly to the head of the injured one, whose face she could not see; but she felt sure it was her son.

A night or two later, that very scene was enacted. Four men carried Byron into the Colerick's house and one held the severed scalp against his head! That evening the train had slackened speed as usual; but a man on the platform had delayed my uncle a moment; and as he leaped, a sudden jerk of the train flung him under the iron step which had cut off his scalp all but a few inches at the back. For weeks he lay ill with brain fever, but recovered to wear a white scar like a sabre cut over his forehead; convinced to the end of his life that leaping from trains was a dangerous pastime.

With Byron's recovery, a cloud of sorrow was lifted from mother and son; they shared in the joy of his returning health and strength. He became a hero in the eyes of the many young girls whom he knew; and I remember the walls of his bedroom and den covered with photographs - then a new thing - one oft repeated being a girl with blonde hair and pale eyes. I noticed especially her slim figure in a long redingote; and when I asked my uncle, "Who's this one?"

"Perhaps your Aunt Etta!" he said; and it was not long after that he married Henrietta Stableford.

On his marriage my grandmother gave the young couple her house and decided to leave them alone for at least a year. She was then almost sixty - what was then thought extreme old age for a woman - and it seemed to her friends like affronting Providence when she announced her intention of going alone to visit her son and daughter in California!

Before telling of this journey and of the many she made for twenty or more years thereafter, I must speak of the nephews and nieces, grandnephews and nieces she had befriended during her life at the farm. Hardly a year passed that she did not receive as guest and treat as son or daughter, the child or grandchild of her own or her husband's relations.

There was Charlie Scott, son of her widowed brother Moses, who lived for a year or more with her until, like Uncle Will, he enlisted; and, unlike him, came home only to die of consumption contracted in southern swamps. He lived then for a year with us, only twenty-three, but emaciated and feeble as if an old man.

It became my duty to carry him a glass of milk at a certain hour between meals, and I recall hearing him say gratefully to my mother, "I really believe Minnie likes to bring me the milk, so I always drink it to please her!" I was called Minnie then, I hardly know why, unless because Mother was Annie; yet almost no one ever called her Annie. Grandmother said Ann Eliza almost invariably, and Father called her "My dear."

I learned to play old-fashioned whist in those days, so as to make a fourth with mother and father to amuse Cousin Charlie in the evening. When in after years I heard people discussing whether card playing were not a sin, I thought of it rather as a medicine for illness!

My mother and father then slept on the ground or first floor, while my bedroom opened at the head of the first flight of stairs. Another stair led to the upper hall and a large, airy bedroom, which was Cousin Charlie's. One night, after we had played whist as usual, I was wakened from sleep by a soft, broken voice calling, "Minnie! Minnie!" and my drowsy eyes made out the shadowy form of Cousin Charlie at the open door. "Go down! Call your father!" he said, and turning when I answered, he walked slowly up to his room. Almost as if in a dream, I hurried down the stair, and my father came hastily up to Charlie's room. I crept into bed, and fell sound asleep; but in the morning I was told that Cousin Charlie had left us in the night. For years afterward, I often wakened suddenly to fancy that I heard his voice cry "Minnie! Minnie!"

Charlie was pale, with hair and eyes both dark; but Howard Scott, his youngest brother, was sandy-haired, blue-eyed and freckled. The biggest freckles I have ever seen were crowded close together on his face; yet his smile was so jolly and his laugh so full of fun, that you soon forgot his freckles and thought only of his beaming good nature. Howard lived with Grandmother while Charlie was with us; but what became of him in after years I never knew.

Dark-eyed, black-haired, serious Hattie Scott, and later her brother, spent months on the farm too, but I cannot tell which Scott brother was their father. I know that Harriet spent winters with Aunt Lu in San Francisco later, and I have heard that her brother married in California.

Malvina and Marie Thompson made more fleeting visits to the farm. Daughters of one of the Thompson brothers who lived in or near Cincinnati, they were called Mel and Ma-ree. In later years they came to visit us at "Reedmont", the country house my father bought after we came to New Jersey in 1864. They were the last of their branch of the family; for they never married.

Ed Thompson, their cousin, very tall, very slim, very blonde, was my grandmother's frequent visitor; and I think he rather fancied poking fun at me. A serious child, I used to play my own accompaniments solemnly and sing in piping treble "On the mountain's airy summit" or "Little brown cot in the wildwood"; but by chef d'oeuvre was "The Maiden's Prayer". When mother invited Ed to listen while her offspring was

performing, he would cock his head on one side as if enrapt, and at the end would say, "Ve--ry difficult". Oh! Ve--ry difficult!" My doubt was then extreme whether I was being praised or laughed at.

Ed had a fashion of wandering about the hill where stood the Methodist Seminary for Girls, then become a boarding school. He would tell me of these trips and murmur that he always made them after dark. I asked him why, and he replied, "They tell me that those girls walk about naked at night, and I thought I might catch a glimpse of them passing the windows above."

"But girls never do such things!" I declared with conviction; yet none-the-less, I too often fancied them floating nakedly by in a window imagined. It was not long after Ed too floated out of my range of vision. I knew him no more, and I heard nothing, after those days when he was eighteen or twenty.

Cora, Emma and Willy Scott were children of a nephew, son of I know not which of the Scott brothers. They came from Logansport, Indiana, where their mother had died and a step-mother made things unpleasant. First Cora, and later Emma and Willy spent years in my grandmother's home. I say years, when my own remembrance of that farm was but four or five years at the most; yet often there were three or four of these boy and girl kindred on the place, and my uncles were never the only young people there, unless at that bitter time just after my Uncle Will's death.

Cora Scott, or Co, as we called her, was to me the most vivid of all these cousins. Her thick dark mane of hair, coarse rather than fine, but alive to the tip of each out-curling tendril; her dark eyes with a smouldering glow, and the deep red of her cheek made me think of mysterious fires within. She was outwardly calm, but seemed ever ready to fly; and I felt she was throbbing with life and desire to accomplish great things. I fancied that she was eighteen, but I see looking back that fifteen or sixteen seemed grown up to me then. In those days of an early spring I remember, she was always ready to scour the damp woods with her little cousins who loved the wild violets or waxy May-flower with its umbrella leaf, and to find them by skipping from one tuft of grass to another over the swampy ground that lay to the westward. Here rattlesnakes reared the head, and even more terrifying, a huge black dog one day chased them; so that even Cora ran with them panting, with wet feet and mud-bespattered faces.

A wild life and full of adventure I thought it; and any Saturday morning the threat, "You can't go to your grandmother's if you don't eat your breakfast!" would spur me to choke down the beefsteak and potatoes or ham and eggs with hot cakes and syrup then thought essential for an early meal.

Cora was a wonderfully lovable girl and clean minded. She suffered agonies of shame and resentment because - as my "little pitcher ears" had caught from my elders - the cruel step-mother said that her boy

and girl parents had been married later than custom required, as was proven by her too early advent. Emma, the daughter born properly in the holy bonds of matrimony, was an evil minded child of thirteen when she took Cora's place in my grandmother's household. She found her pleasure in filling my ten year old mind with distorted versions of the mysteries of life. I loathed her and her tales, yet could not forbear to listen, and my nights became filled with horrible imaginings. Happy the child whose mother early imparts these things as they are, instead of letting them come underground through some mud-laden channel!

In contrast with this, how pleasant and innocent was the association with Effie and Margaret Colerick, both younger than I, but none-the-less dear friends of my youth. They were usually with us at my grandmother's, and Effie came later to visit us in Reedmont. A beauty she was then, with great, soft, brown eyes and curling hair. She married a Hanna, and her life with him was perhaps less tragic than Aunt Lu's with Alec Hanna, only because she died early. Her two daughters, Ethel and Margery, and her son, Charlie, lived in Fort Wayne with their aunt, Margaret Colerick, until Ethel married.

When the time came for their "Aunt Ann" to set off alone on her visit to California, the Colericks were as dubious as the rest and tried to dissuade her; but she came by rail to New York and spent some weeks with us before taking ship for the Isthmus. Many a game of checkers grandmother and I played in the evenings; and between games she told me of the dangers her friends had predicted. She would be sure to lose money and tickets by the way and herself go astray or fall ill. She was

not strong enough to bear the fatigue of the journey - in short, she would never reach California alive! Or, if she did arrive, she would never come back! How foolish! So far she had not had a mite of trouble. She had enjoyed coming by train. It had been sheer delight to look out on new scenes after all these long years of being at home; and as far as the journey by water, what adventure! She had never seen an ocean liner and to live in one for weeks on Atlantic and Pacific would be like a trip to the moon!

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep."

She had often sung this to me as an alternate to my favorite,

"Scots, wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce hae often le-ed,
Welcome to your go-ry be-ed,
Or to vic-to-ry!"

Both these now prefaced her triumphant progress to San Francisco - in those days a greater enterprise than a long flight by aeroplane today; and after spending a year with her son Austin and her daughter Lucretia, she returned to fire my imagination with tales of great fish and even spouting whales seen on the voyage - with never a moment of sea-sickness - of cliff house and seals, of Yosemite and sure footed horses. I never ceased wishing until I had accomplished the same; for although I went to the Pacific by the Overland Railway, yet I returned by way of Panama and experienced the charm of landing in Mexican ports as described in my grandmother's tales.

A year or two after her first trip, grandmother returned to us from Fort Wayne, en route once again for California. She wrote few letters; so we had never heard what she now told, and as if it were of no special import, that during her first absence from home, Aunt Etta had sent all the old heirlooms to an auction room and had bought new furniture in their stead!

Perhaps Minnie and Susan, her daughters, might be angry to hear of the outcries we gave!

"What? All your beautiful mahogany gone! Impossible that she did not know of its value!" cried one.

"Oh, grandmother, surely not your priceless china? She must have kept that!"

"No? Then where is the luster you promised to me?"

"And where is the battledore pitcher you said I should have? It can't have gone too!"

"I'm sorry, but yet all is gone except a few bits of a tea-set I had, and those I have brought in my trunk. You shall have those, but please don't say anything more. I have told you because I had promised you some of the old things, and now I can't let you have them, you see."

We did see, indeed; but in vain we bewailed that Fort Wayne had no inkling of values antiques had acquired even then in New York. They'd been "sold for a song" as old junk. To this day I lament that I was not allowed to bid on the "settee", horsehair covered, with its tube-like stuffed pillows slipped under curved arms at each end; the old carven side-board; the highboys and low; quaint tables and chairs; candelabra of gilt with crystal prisms swinging; old clocks and the china and glass. There is nothing more beautiful now to be found in museums colonial, or headquarters of Washington filled with antiques, than the "junk" of that sale by my aunt!

In grandmother's eyes, all that happened was "sent by the Lord" and we must make no complaint. This loss must be relegated to the doings of "an all wise Providence," and "How much worse to bear would have been an illness or death in the family! Forget and forgive. Let it go!"

Her views on many subjects were more stringent than ours on more subjects than this, and on none was she more strict than in her ideas of how to "Keep the Sabbath holy." For her, Sunday was "the Sabbath of the Lord", and not to be profaned in word or thought. Despite the fact that she listened when mother played hymns on a Sunday, or we sang "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild"; yet she always maintained that only Jews played the piano on Sunday and her own was always closed on that day. If she saw me at sixteen or seventeen, reading Harper's or the Atlantic Monthly on Sunday, she would look deeply troubled and say, "Your soul is your own, Annie, but I cannot see you endanger it by reading fiction on

Sunday without at least giving you warning!" I could not understand why "Thou shalt do no labour" should forbid my reading a story; yet I felt too uncomfortable in face of her belief to go on reading, and would beg her instead to tell me of her latest California visit.

These journeyings of hers became in time almost a common-place. In 1876 she spent the summer with us and we all made visits to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia; later she brought Lutie Hanna with her from California and they spent a summer at Morris Hill on their way to Fort Wayne.

It was about 1881 or '82 that I returned by way of Fort Wayne from my first visit to California, and at that time Cousin Margaret Colerick regarded it as evidence of ill health that my grandmother was not then making her usual trip overland. At this date I was much away from home and memory of the family's movements becomes hazy. Did she visit us at Morris Hill once or more in the years before 1890? I cannot be sure; but in April of that year father died. Mother and my brother Charlie took his body to Fort Wayne for burial; and they found my grandmother seriously ill. She was then in her eighty-fifth year and in complete possession of her mental faculties when she died May 10, 1890.

